

## THE BLUE UMBRELLA

When ten-year-old Binya becomes the proud owner of the most beautiful blue umbrella in the world, her happiness knows no bounds. From then on, the umbrella is her constant companion and protector. But there are others, in the village, who would also like the umbrella for their own and will go to great lengths to get it.

Sita lives with her grandparents on a tiny island in the middle of a river. One day, when her grandparents are away the river begins to rise. The friendly stretch of water becomes an angry, rushing flood and Sita watches as her beloved home is washed away. Will she be able to save herself?

This Amar Chitra Katha brings together *The Blue Umbrella* and *Angry River*, two wonderful stories from one of India's most loved storytellers, Ruskin Bond.

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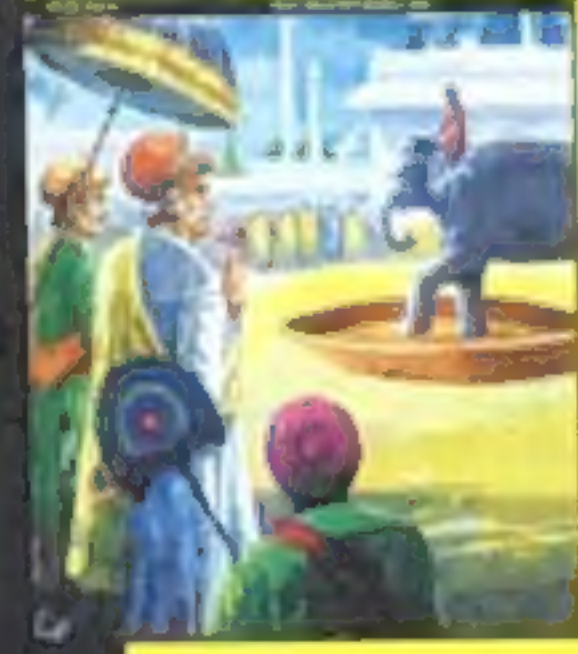
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OF TENALI



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THE GENIUS



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"Amar Chitra Kathas are a glorious tribute to India's rich cultural heritage. These books have been an integral part of my children's early years, as they have been for many other families across India. Comics are a great way of reaching out to children, inculcating reading habits and driving their quest to learn more about our roots."

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# THE BLUE UMBRELLA

STORIES BY RUSKIN BOND

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ostalgically recall the vital  
ives. It was ACK – Amar  
s heritage.

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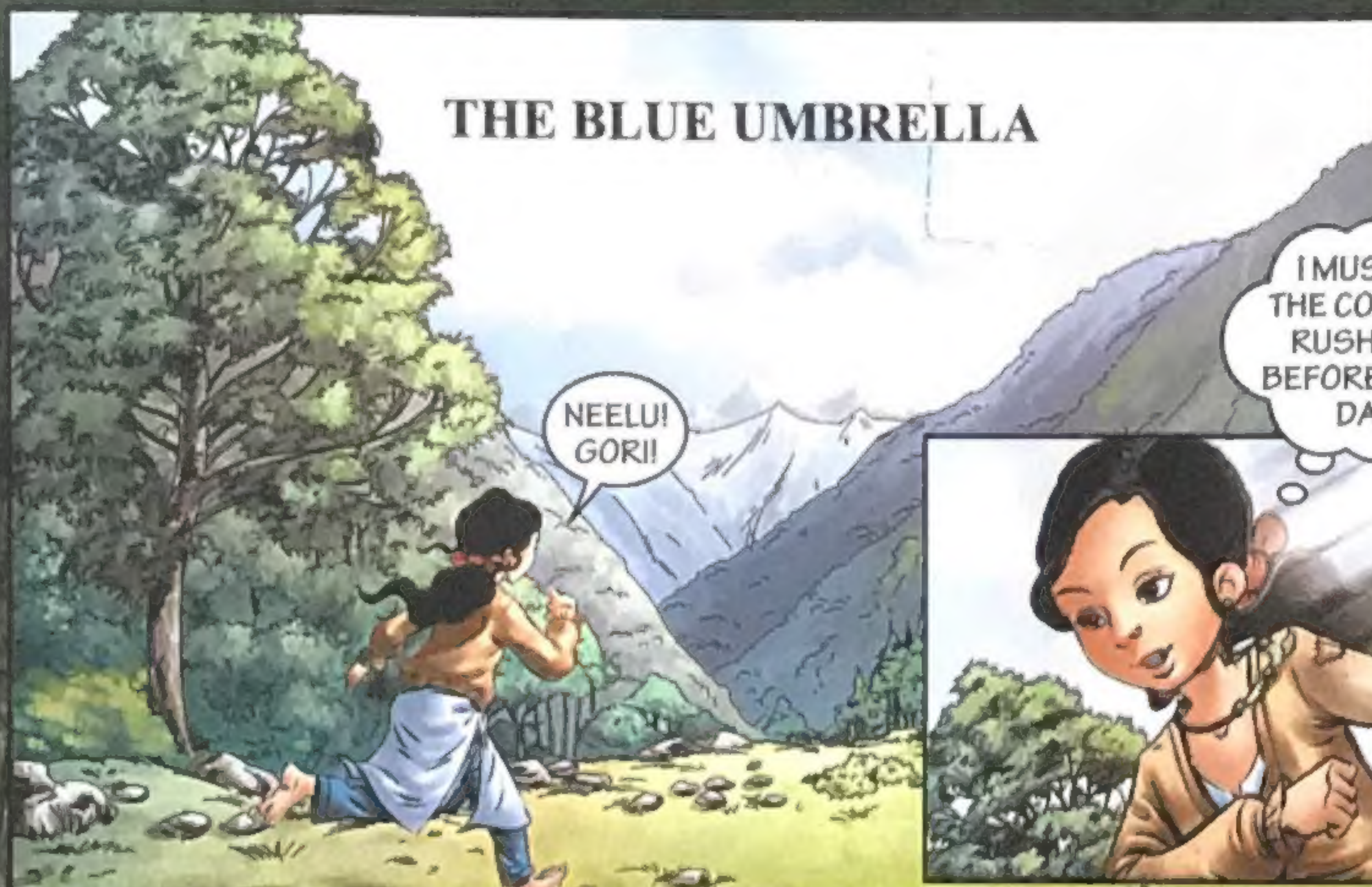
nation builders

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Sabu Sarasan

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## THE BLUE UMBRELLA

NEELU!  
GORI!

I MUST FIND  
THE COWS AND  
RUSH HOME  
BEFORE IT GETS  
DARK.

TEN-YEAR-OLD BINYA LIVED IN GARHWAL, A PART OF THE HIMALAYAS.  
THE MOUNTAINS AND FORESTS WERE HER HOME.

THEY MUST  
HAVE WANDERED  
INTO THE  
PINE FOREST  
AGAIN.

CLINK  
CLINK

THAT'S  
NEELU'S BELL!  
THEY MUST BE  
CLOSE BY.

IN FACT, IT WAS ONLY WHEN SHE WAS AMONG THE CROWDS IN  
THE BAZAAR THAT BINYA FELT SOMEWHAT LOST AND UNEASY.

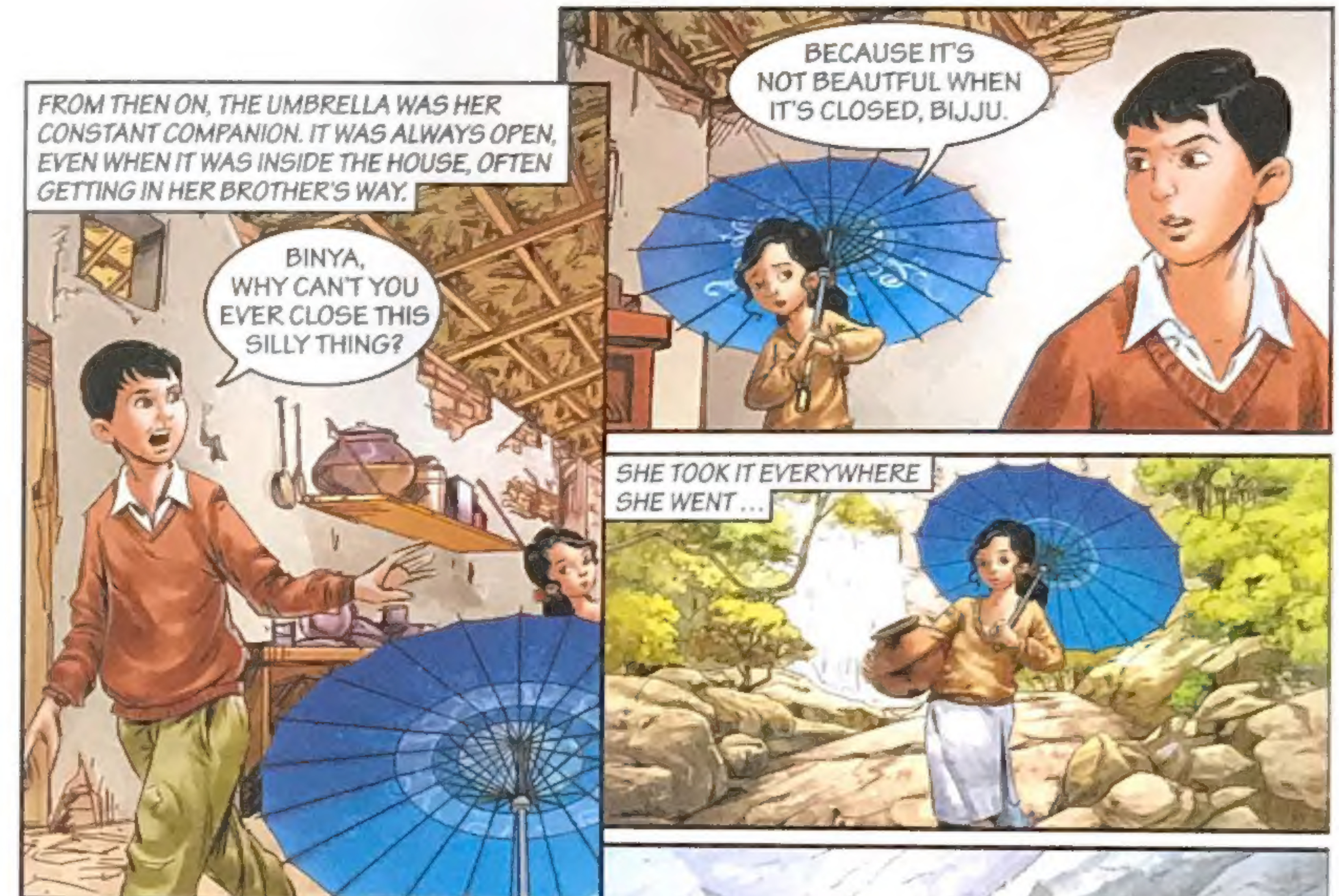


THERE  
YOU ARE!

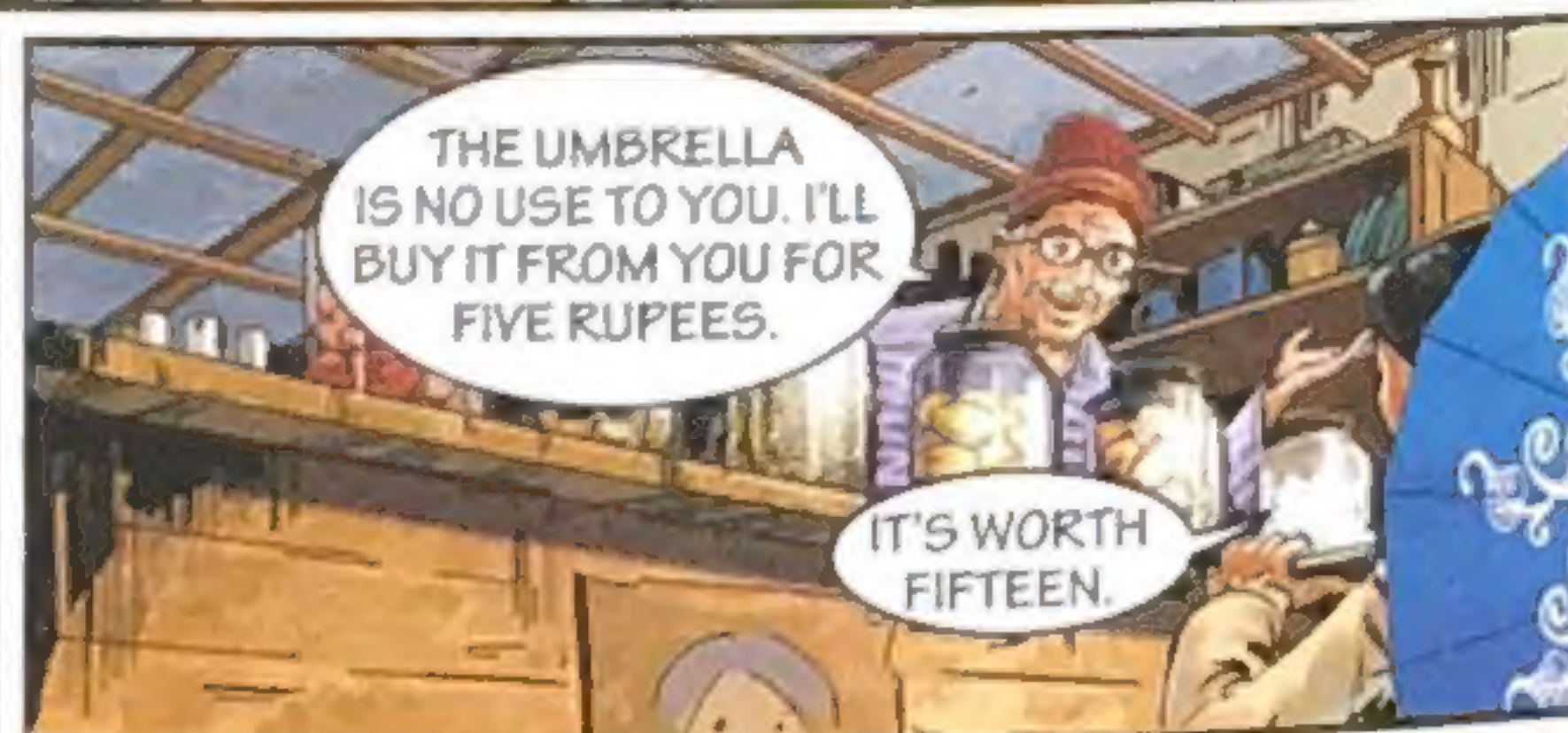








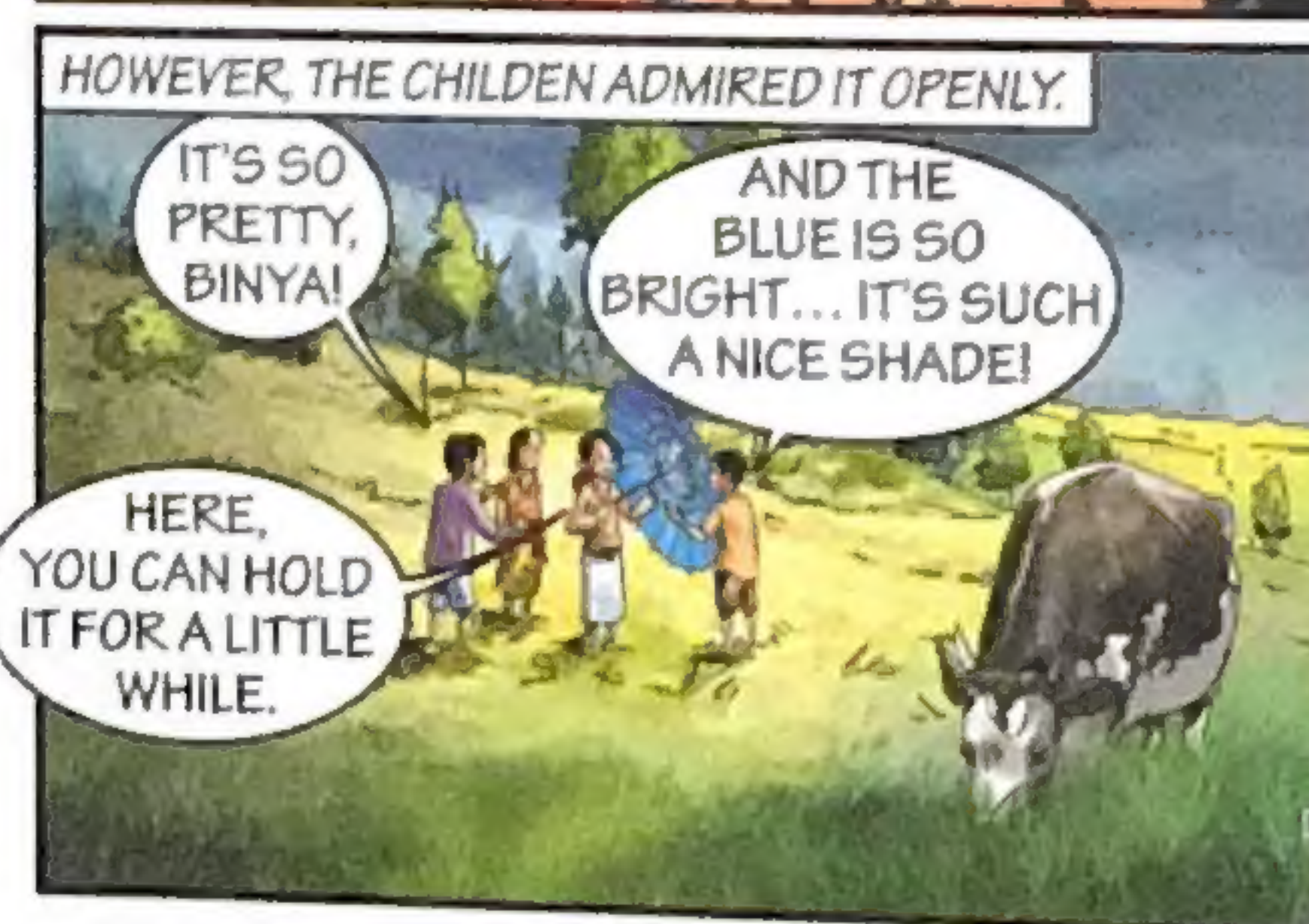




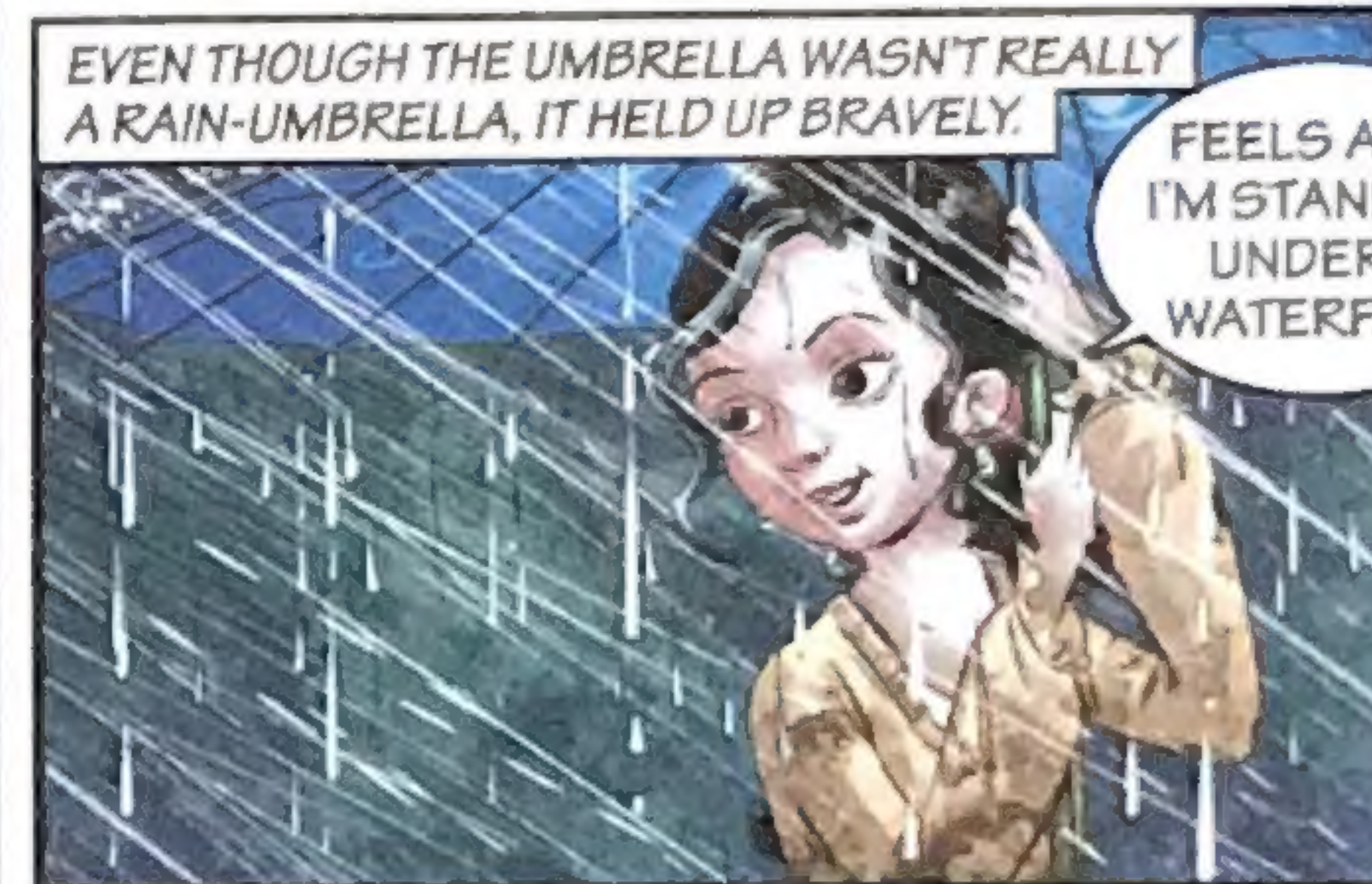




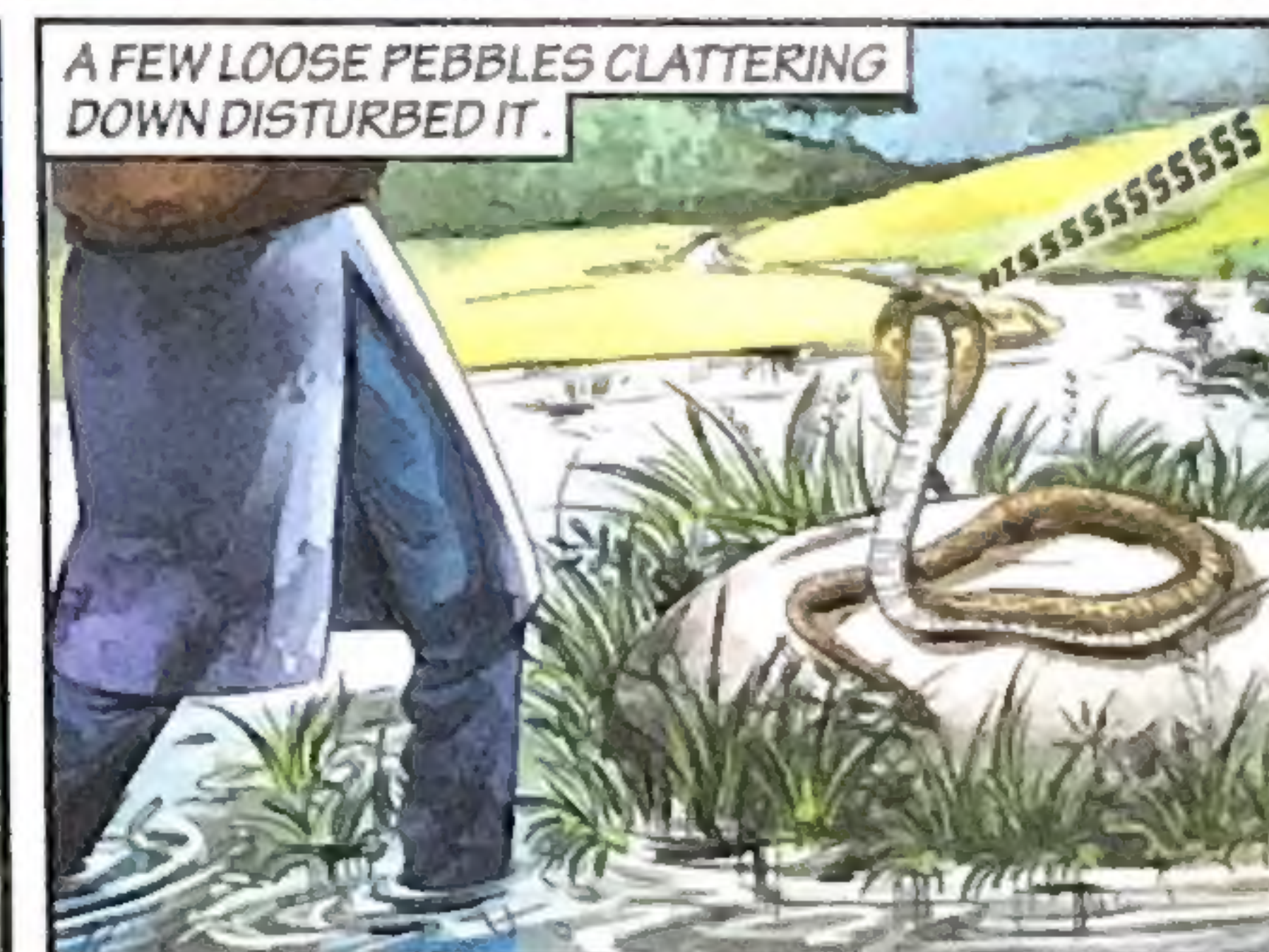
IT WASN'T JUST RAM BHAROSA WHO WANTED THE UMBRELLA. IN THE SCHOOLMASTER'S HOUSE -



THEN THE MONSOON CAME, AND BIG BLACK CLOUDS PILED UP IN THE SKY.



BINYA ONLY BEAMED.

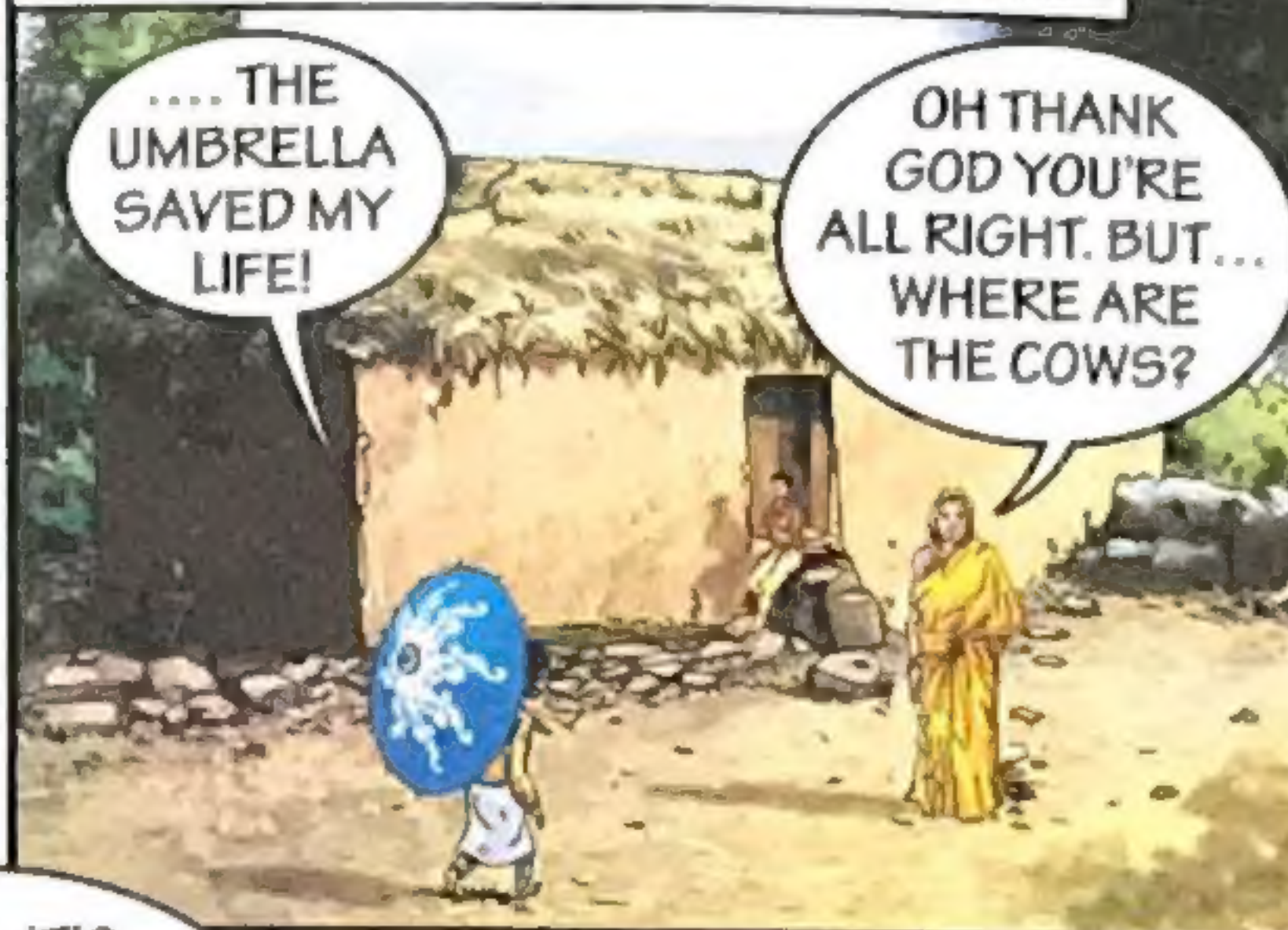




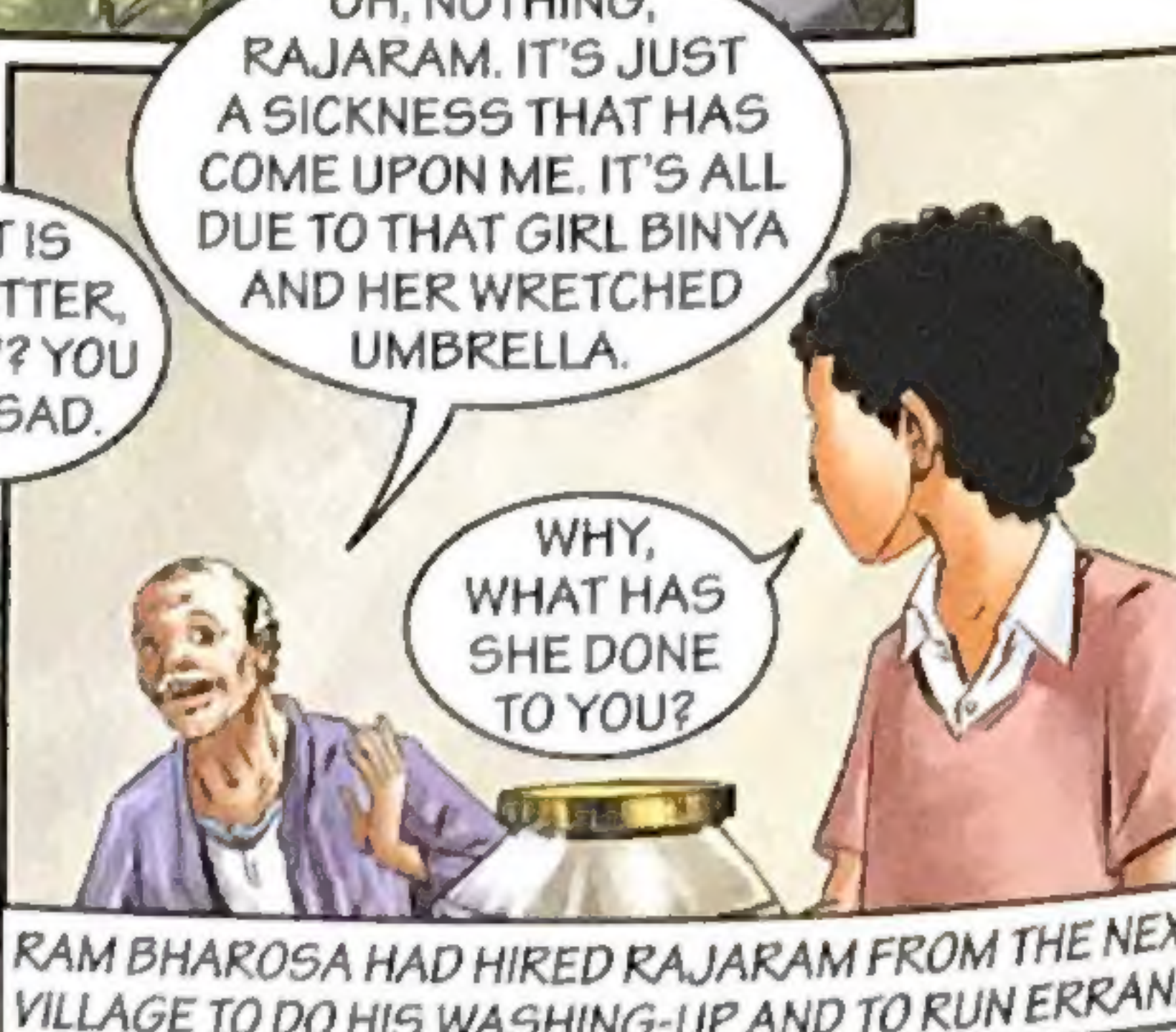
AS THE SNAKE LUNGED AT BINYA -



BINYA RUSHED HOME AND TOLD THE STORY.



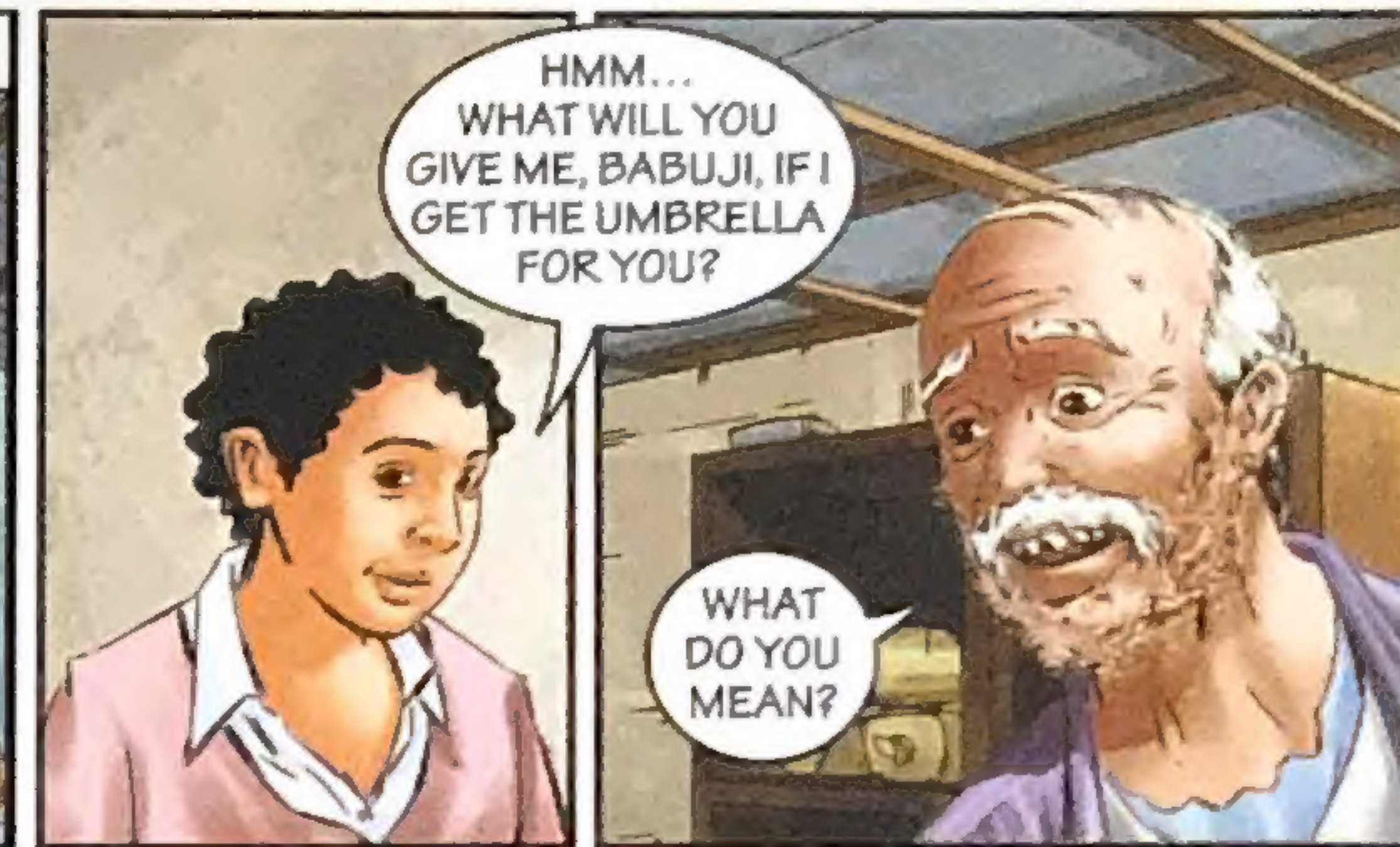
WITH TIME, THE COLOUR OF THE UMBRELLA FADED, BUT IT WAS STILL BEAUTIFUL. BINYA'S FONDNESS FOR IT REMAINED THE SAME...



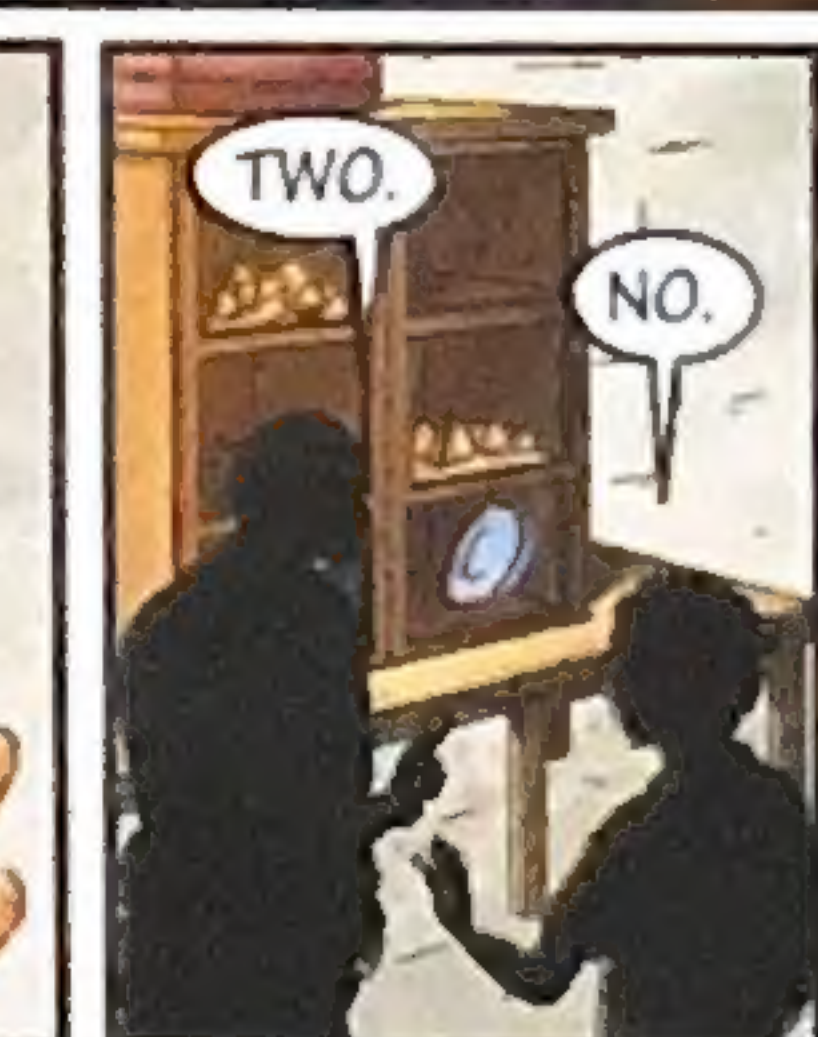
RAM BHAROSA HAD HIRED RAJARAM FROM THE NEXT VILLAGE TO DO HIS WASHING-UP AND TO RUN ERRANDS.

\* TERM OF RESPECT IN HINDI

RAM BHAROSA TOLD RAJARAM ALL HIS WOES.



THE BOY WAS SILENT.



AND A DEAL WAS STRUCK.

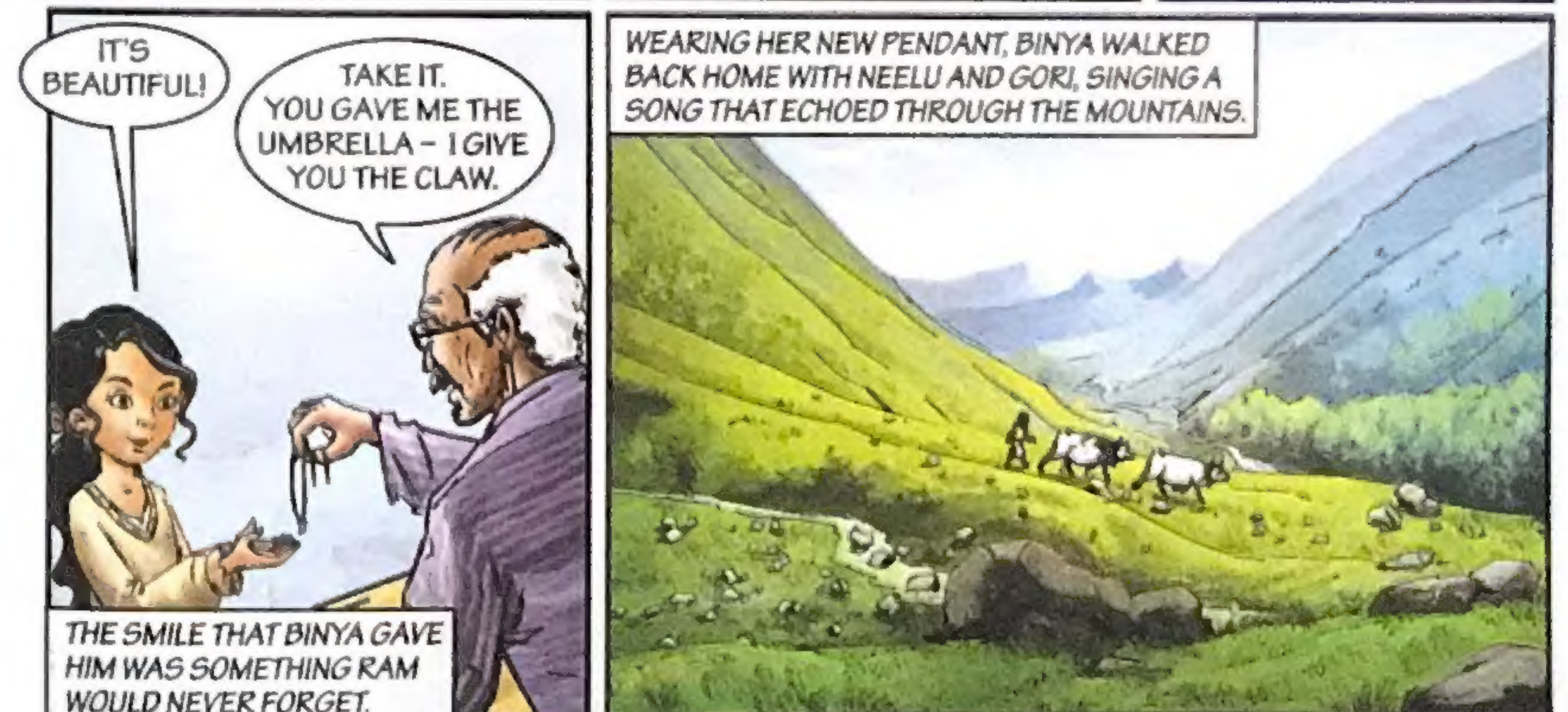
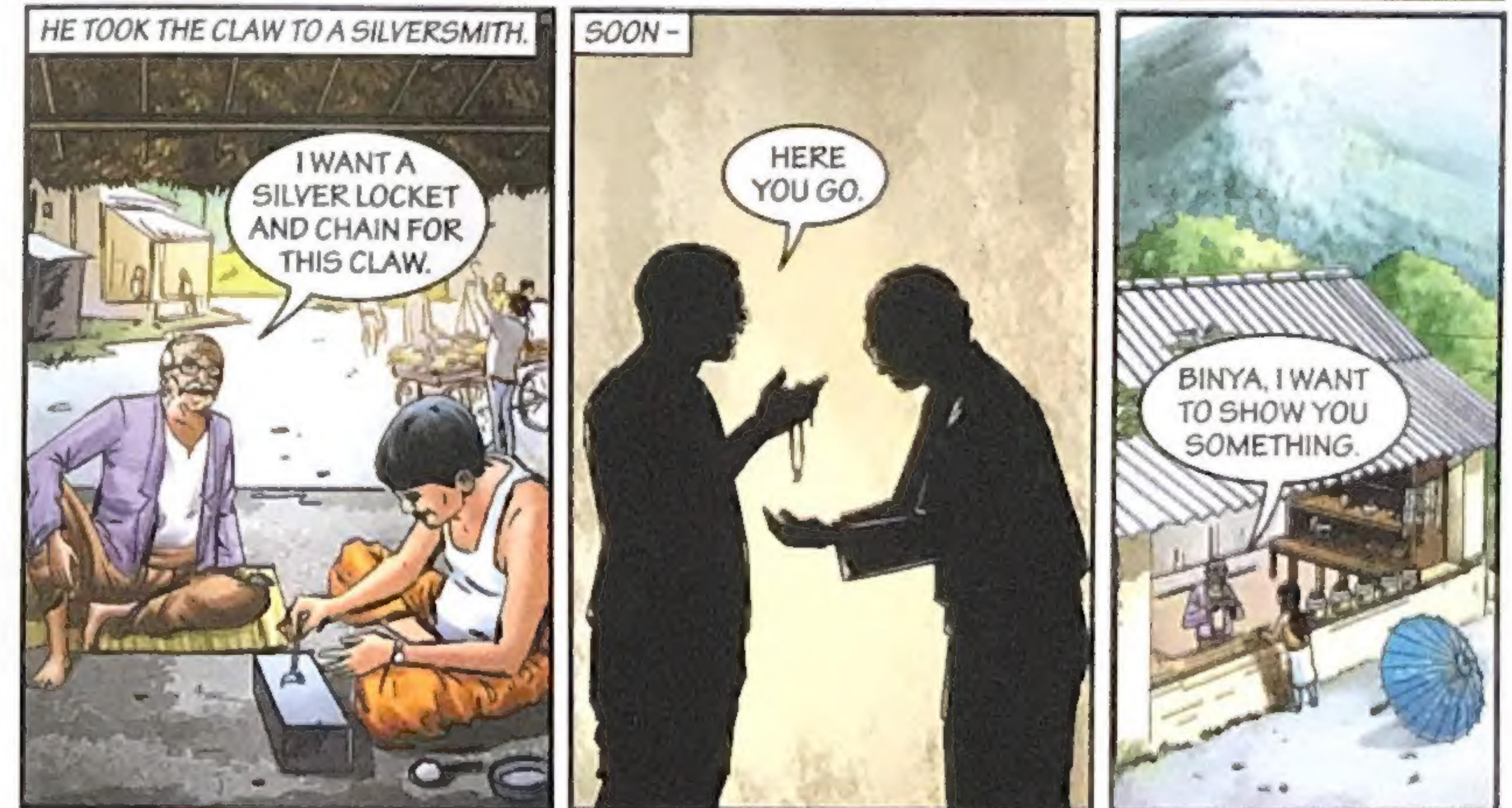
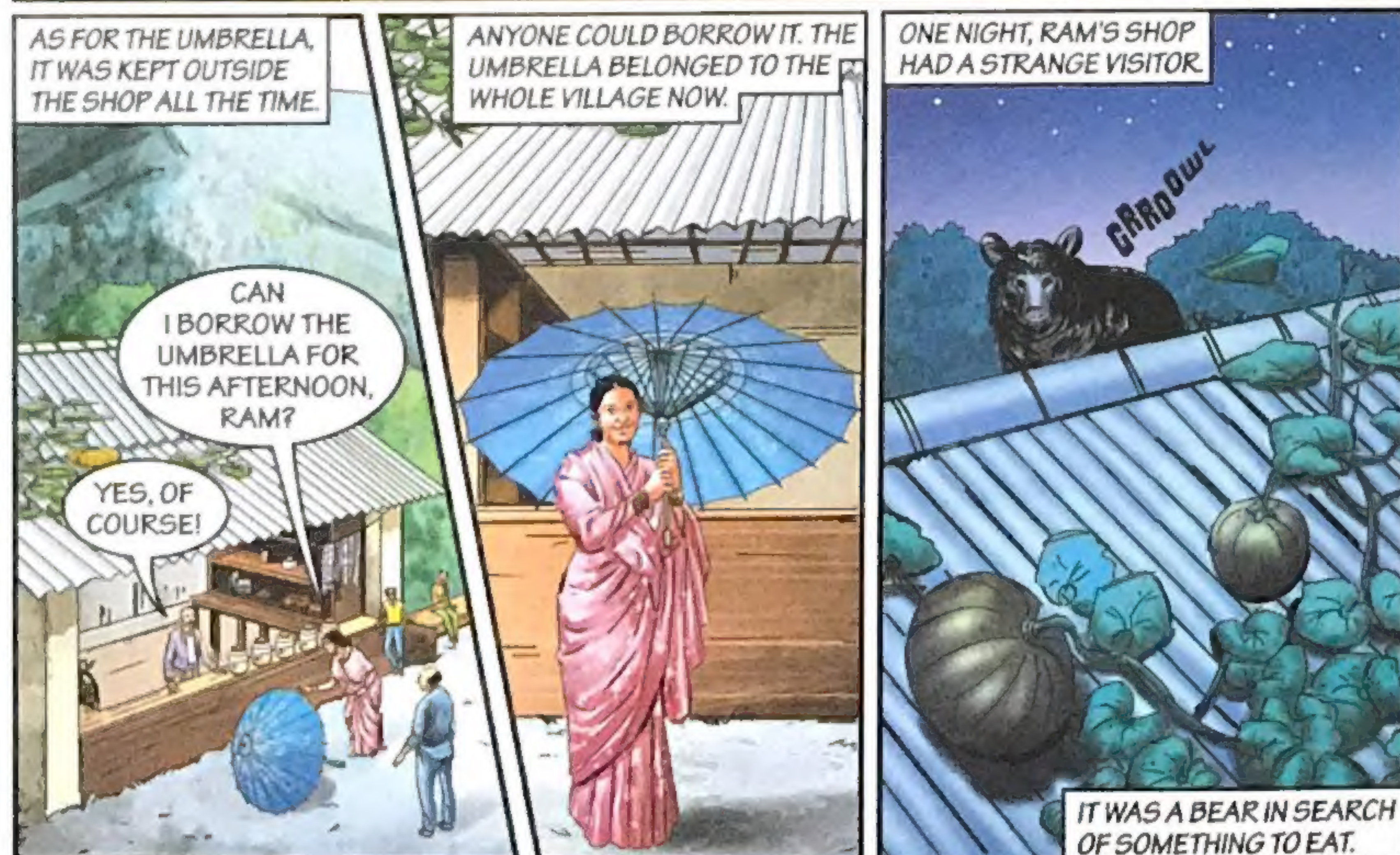
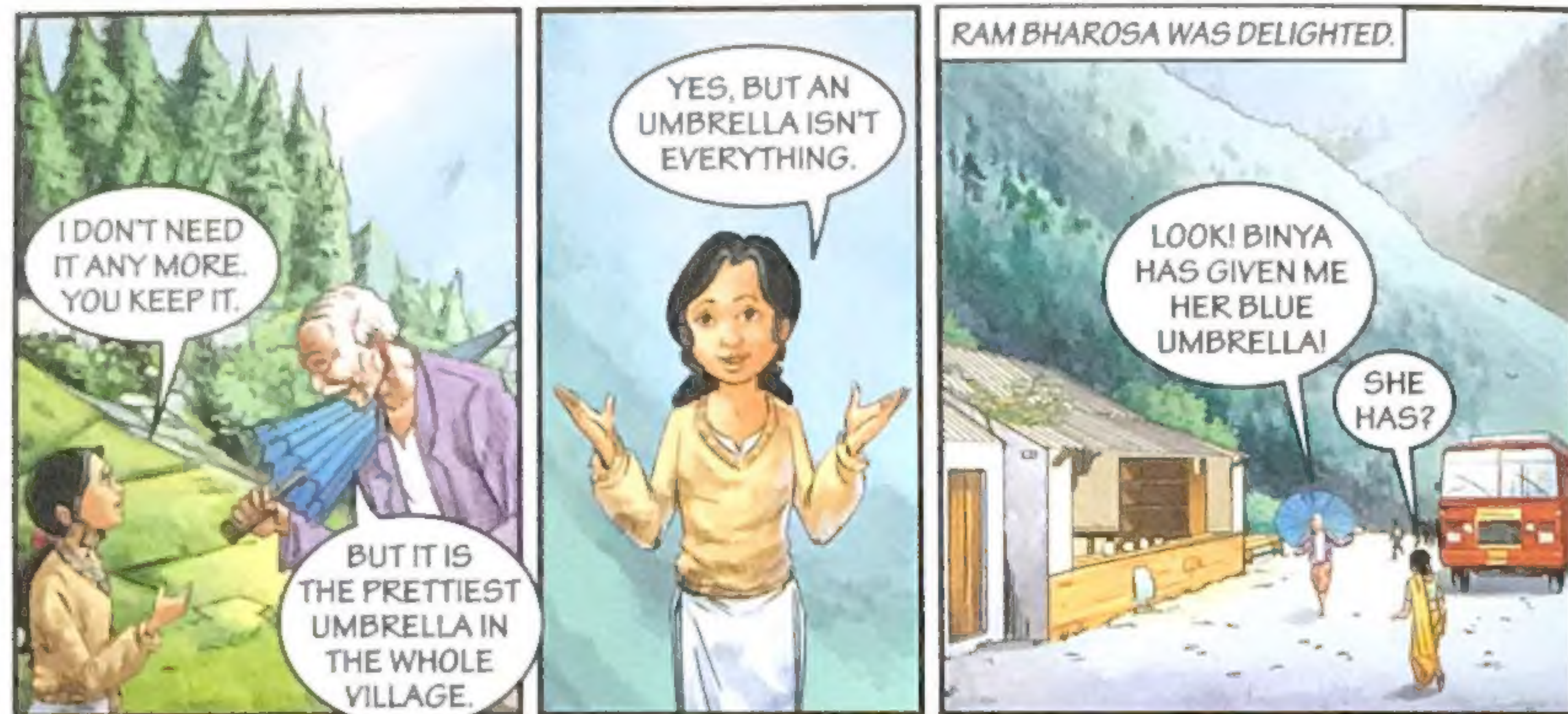
RAJARAM WAITED FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT AND -



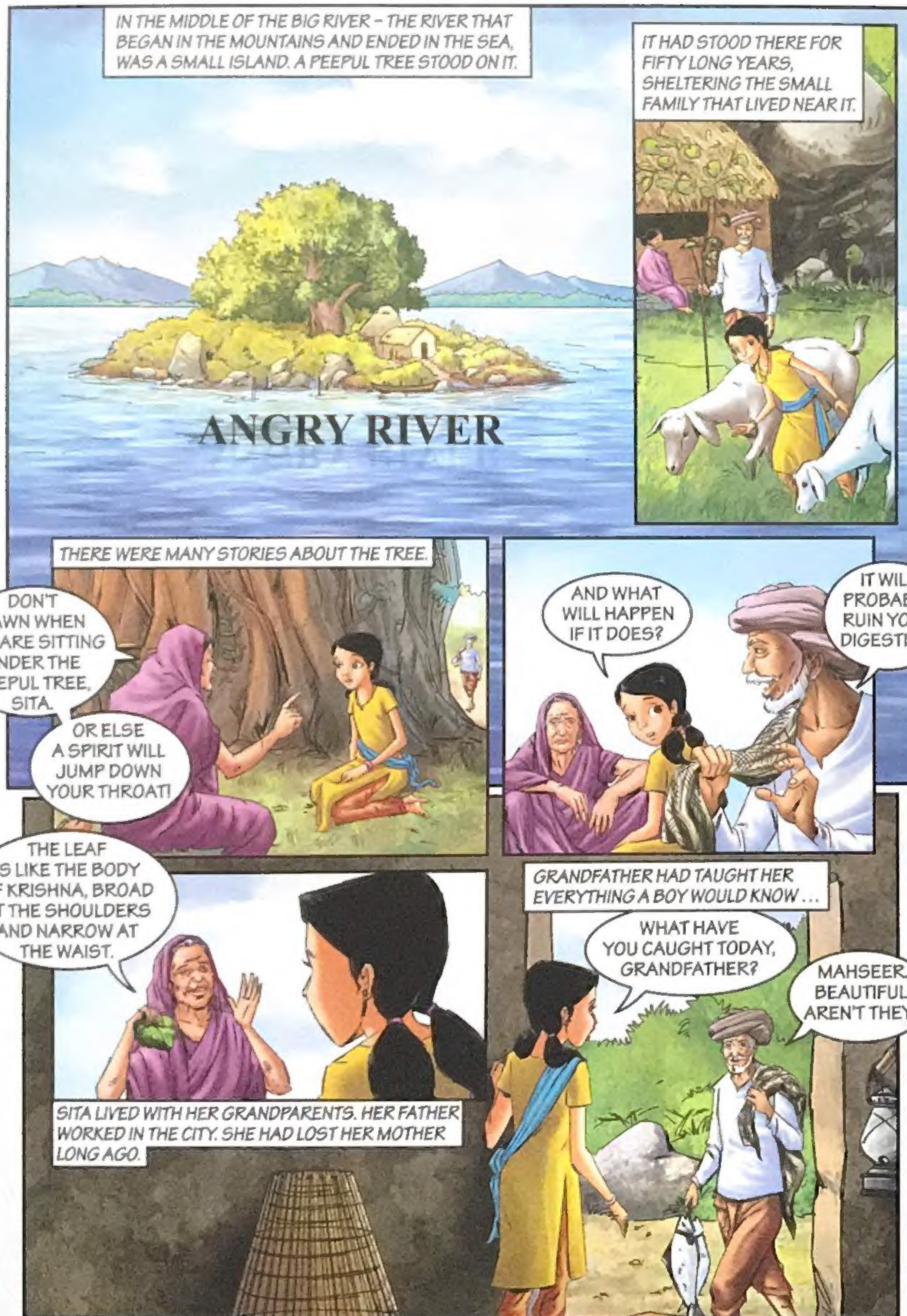




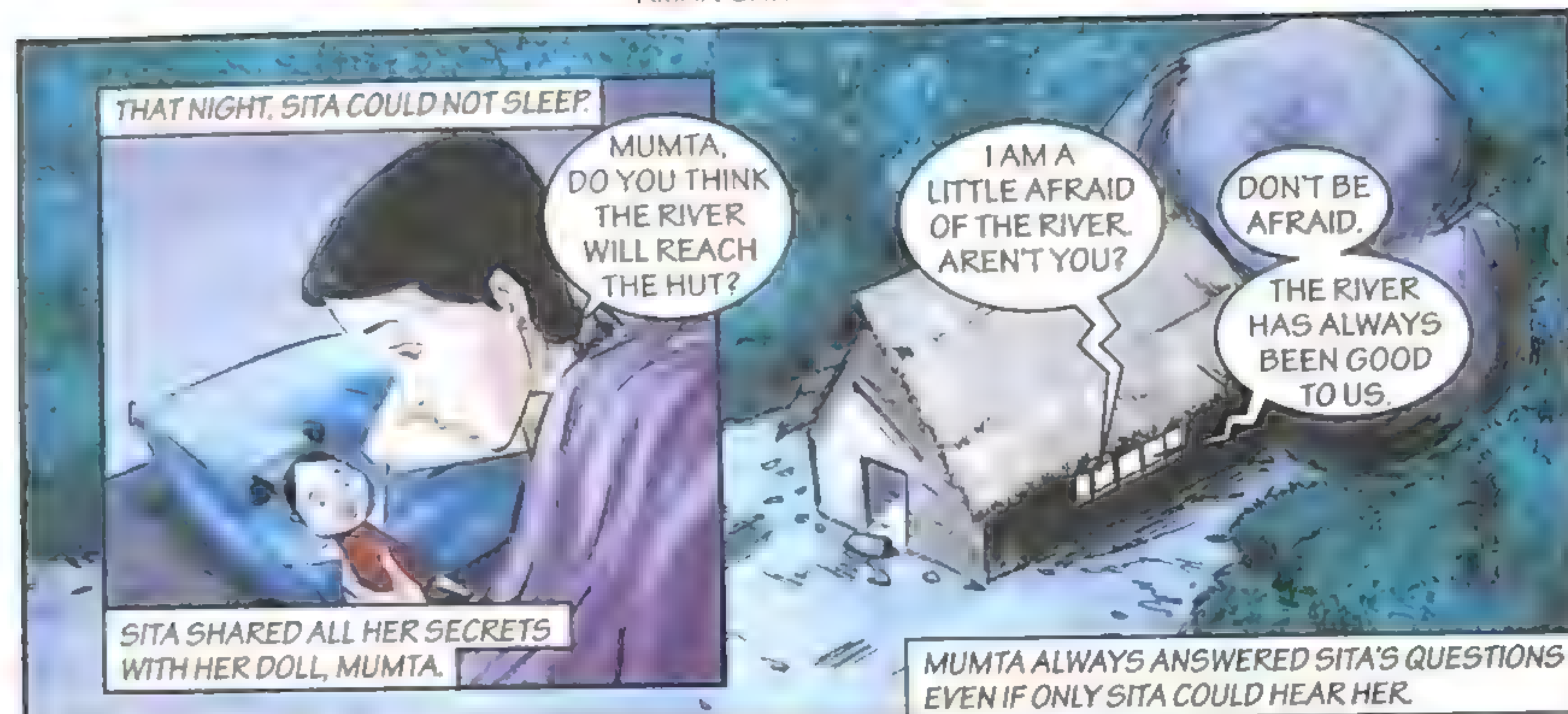








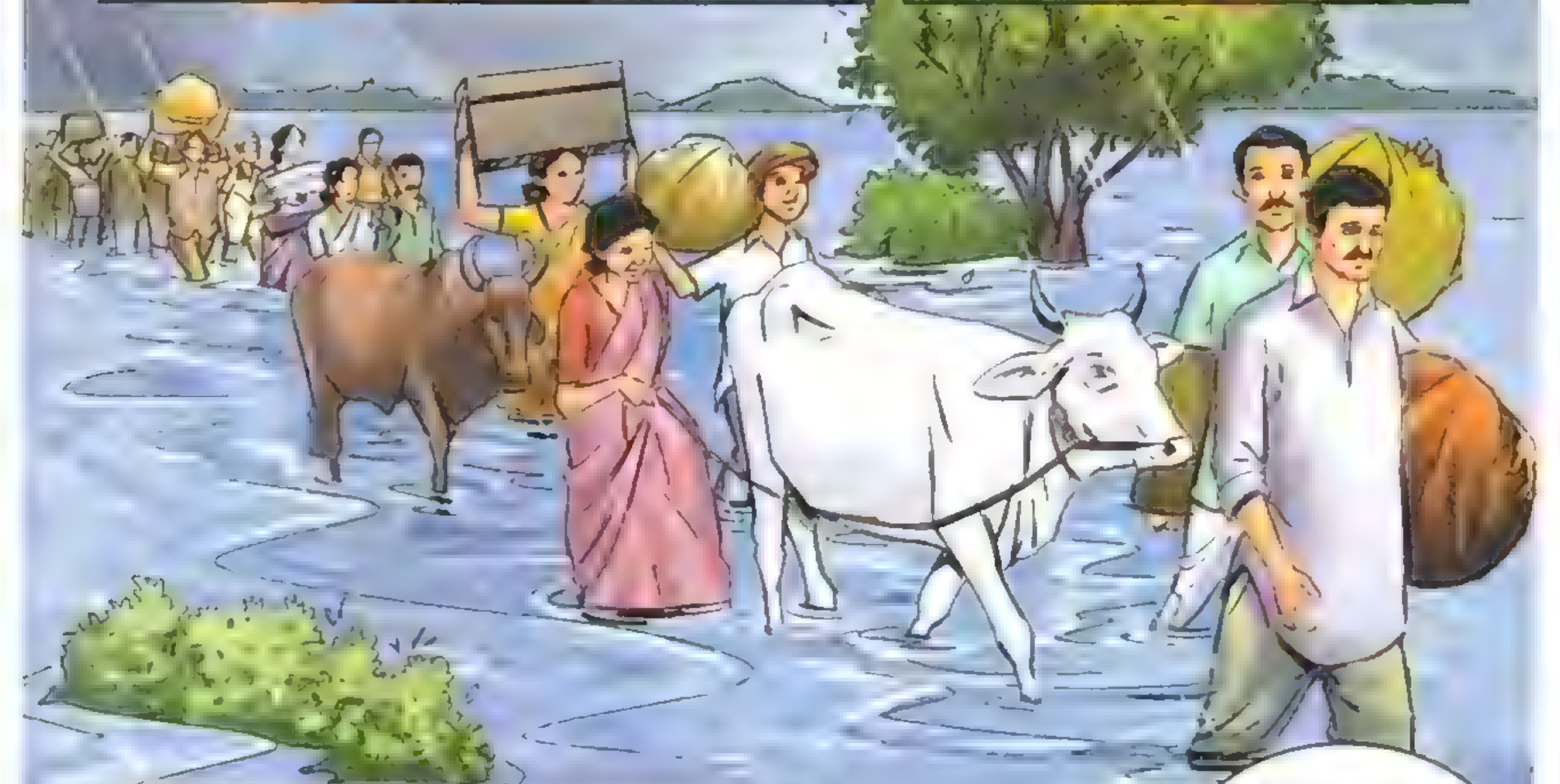




SITA WATCHED THE LITTLE BOAT GETTING SMALLER AND SMALLER, UNTIL IT WAS JUST A SPECK ON THE BROAD RIVER.



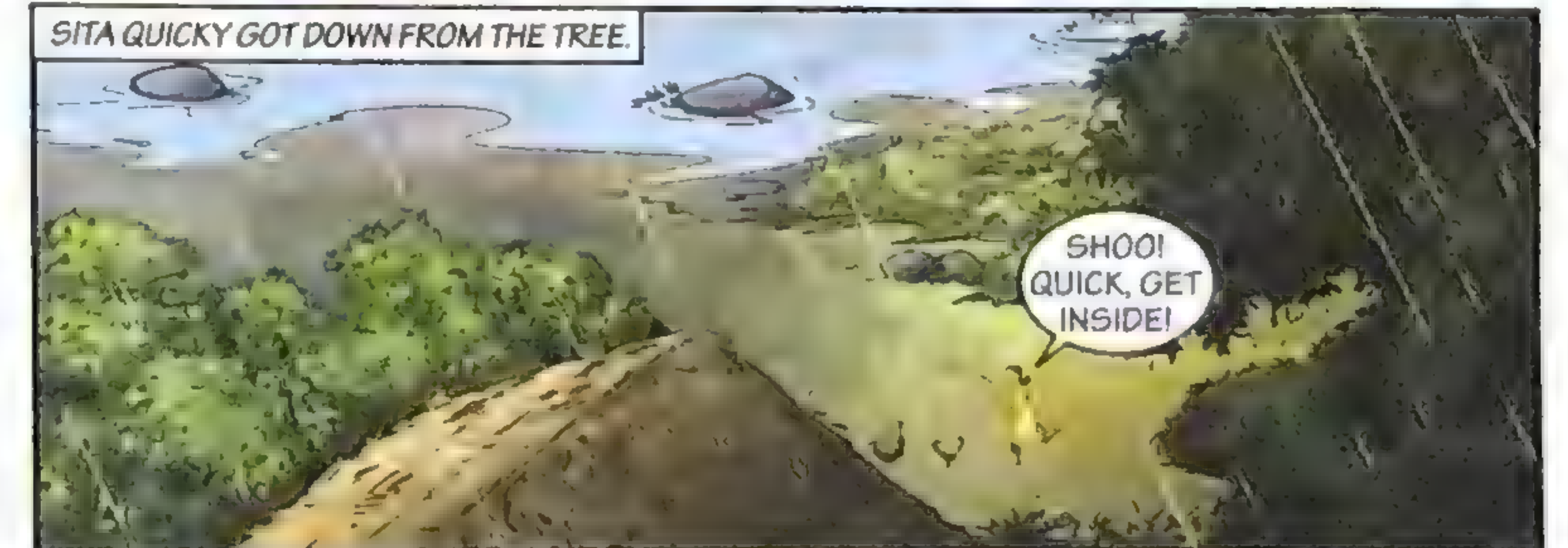
SITA TALKED TO HER DOLL WHILE DOING HER CHORES



THE MUD BANKS OF THE ISLAND WERE SLOWLY GETTING EATEN AWAY BY THE WATER.



SITA QUICKLY GOT DOWN FROM THE TREE.



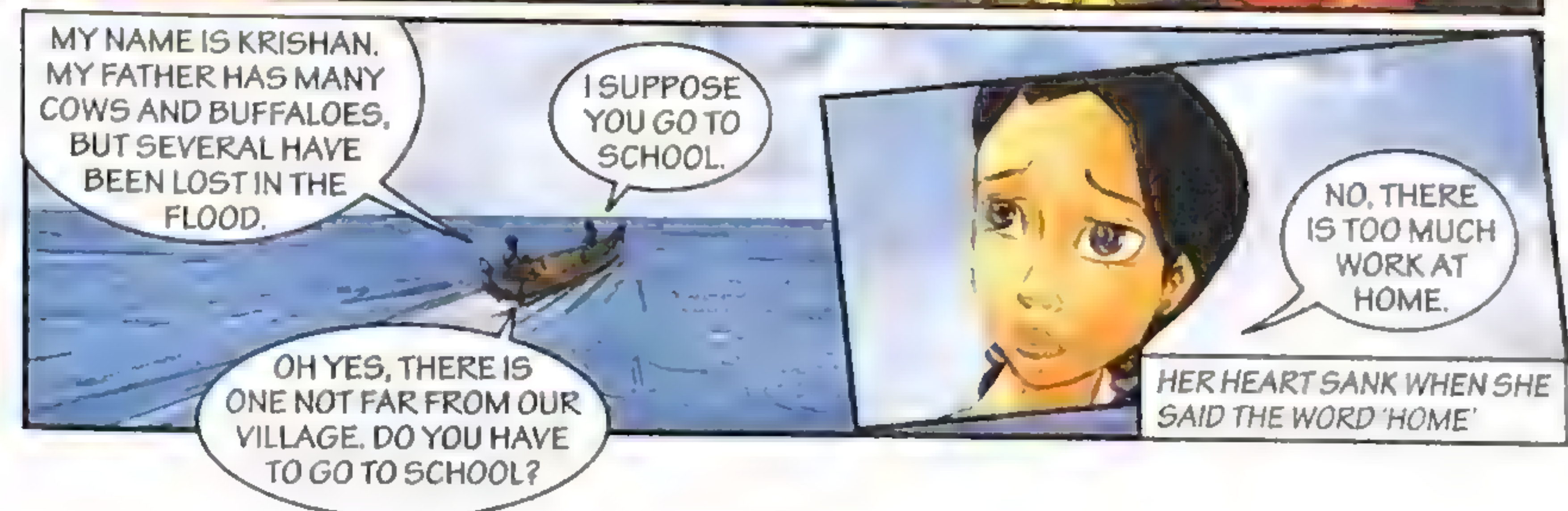
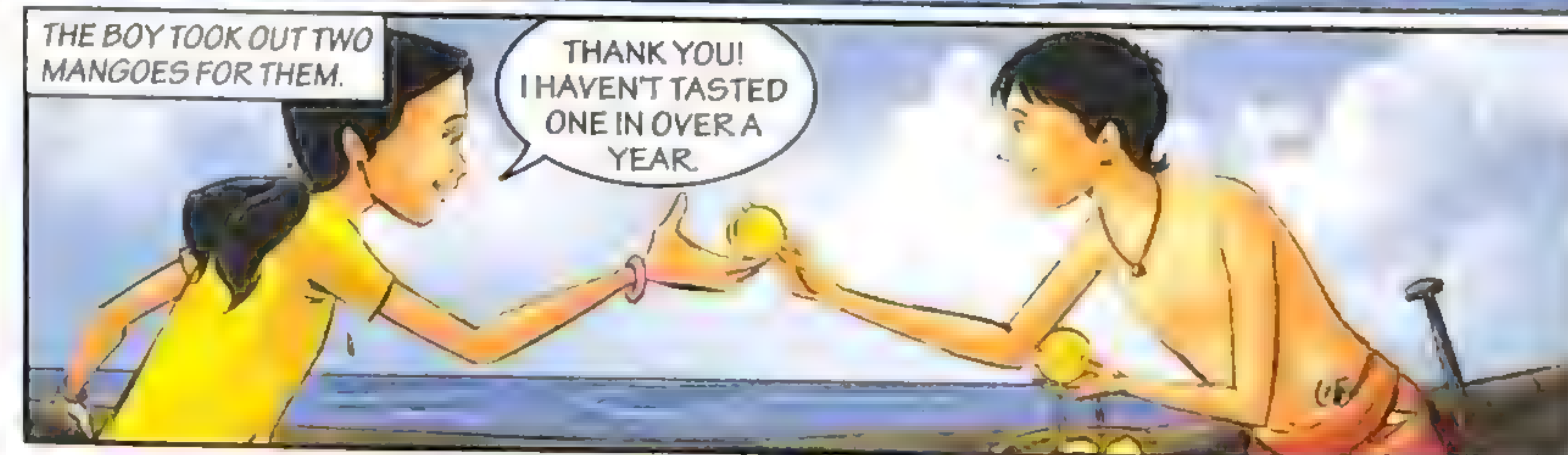








THE LITTLE BOAT MOVED SWIFTLY DOWN THE RIVER, LEAVING THE TREE FAR BEHIND.

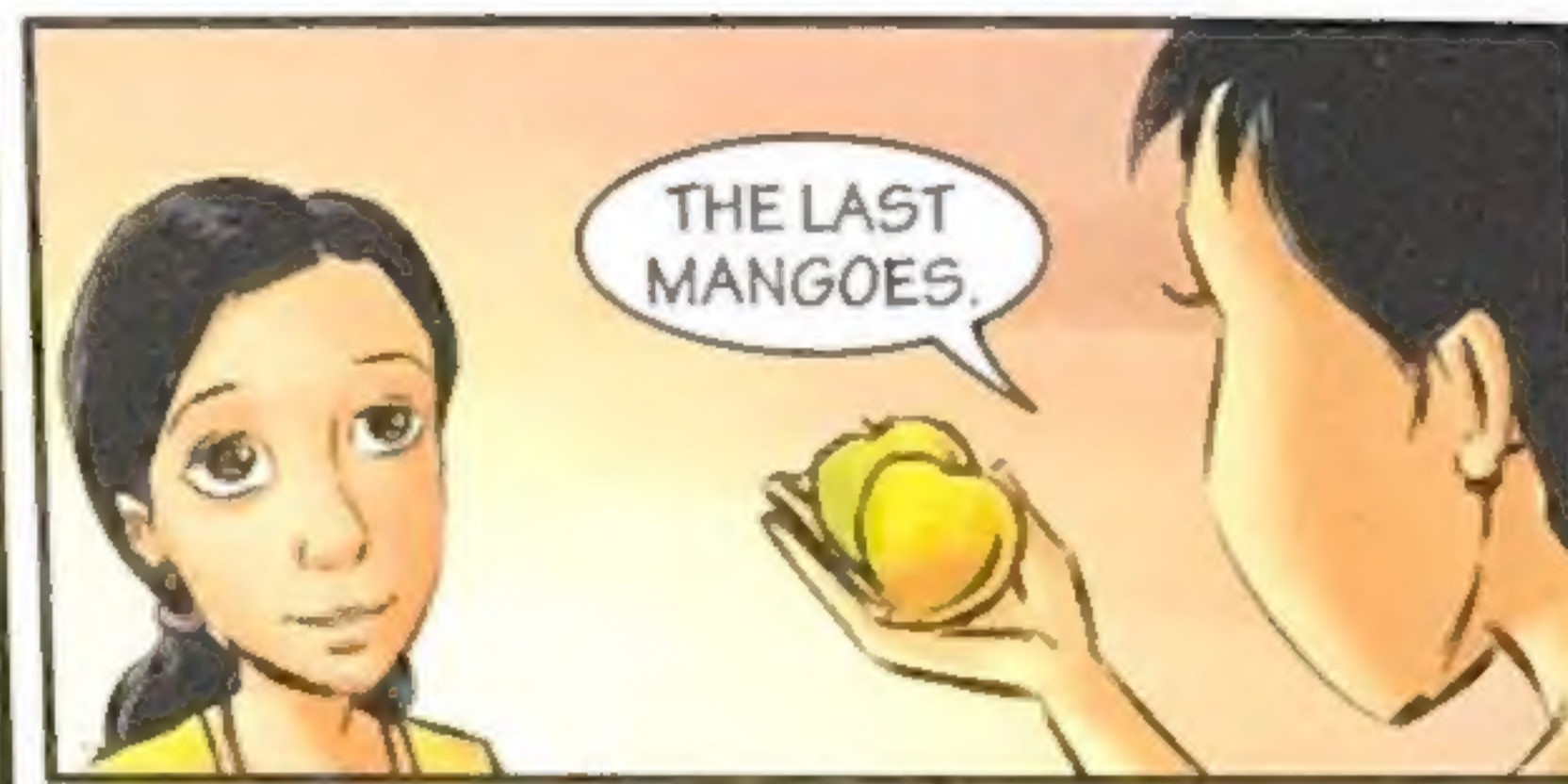








BUT SOON, THE SUN GREW WARMER AND WOKE THE BOY.



FOR AN HOUR, THEY GLIDED THROUGH THE FOREST MARVELLING AT THE TALL, STURDY TREES AND THE FOLIAGE.



SOON -

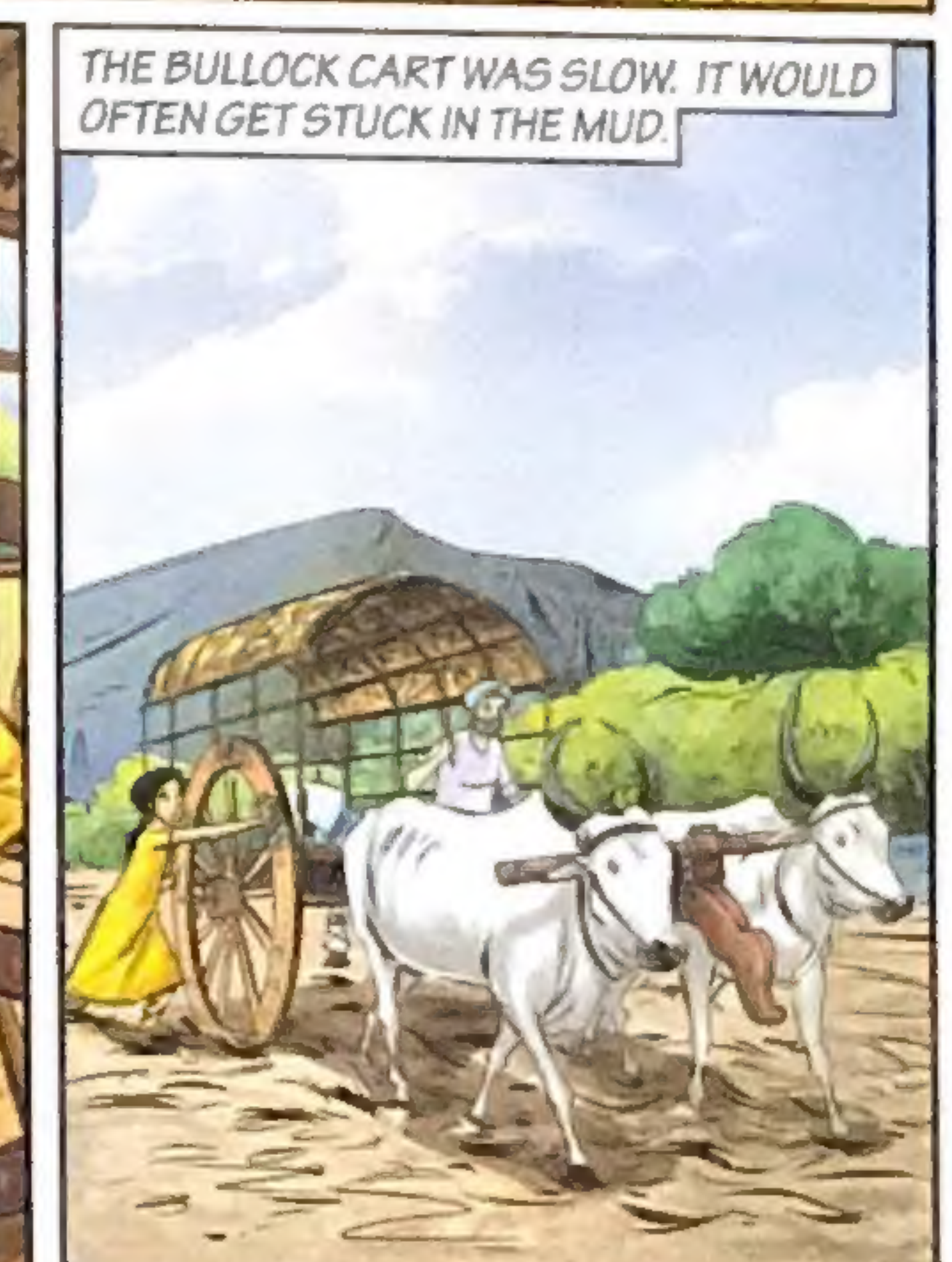
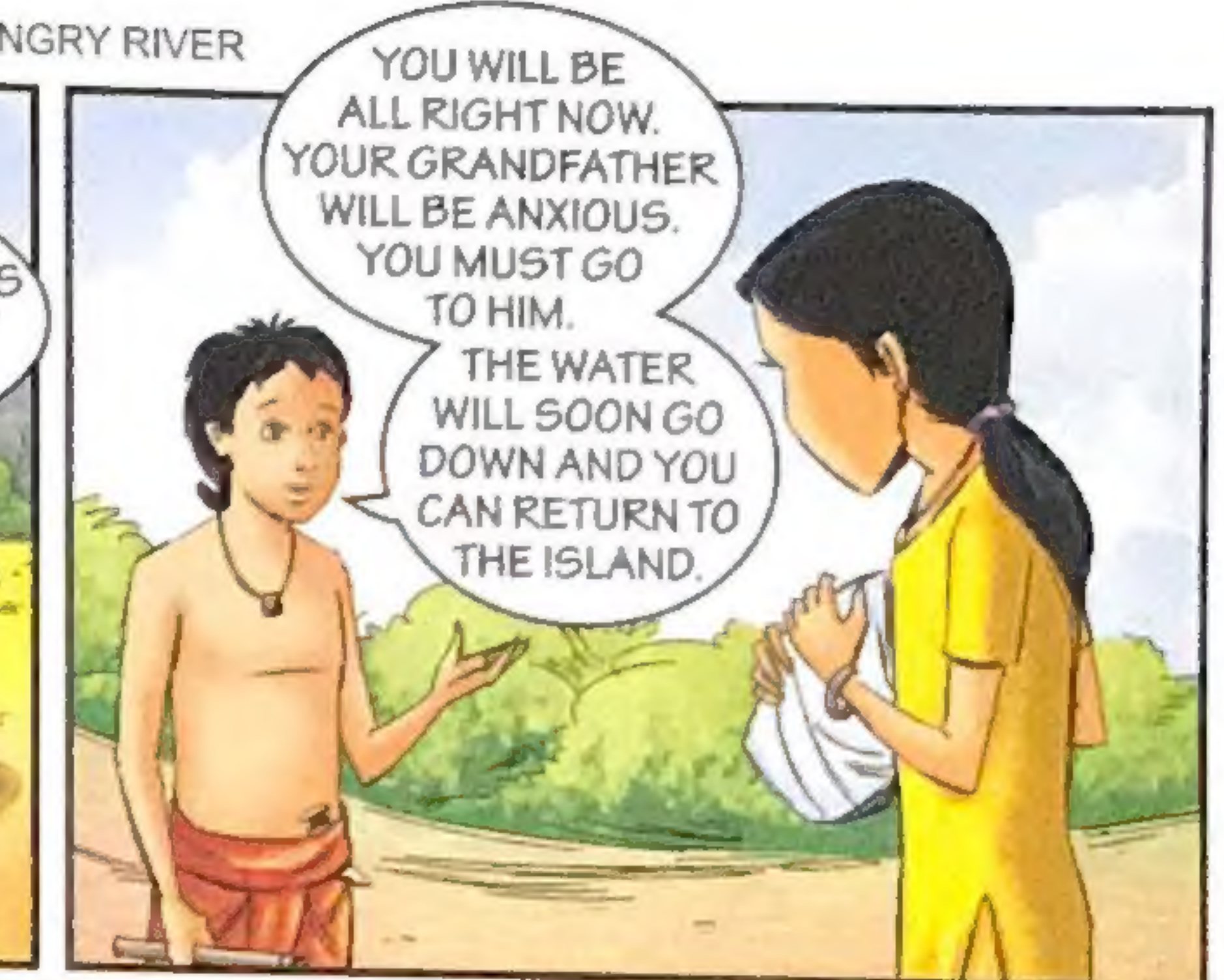


THE VILLAGERS WERE GENEROUS AND HELPFUL.

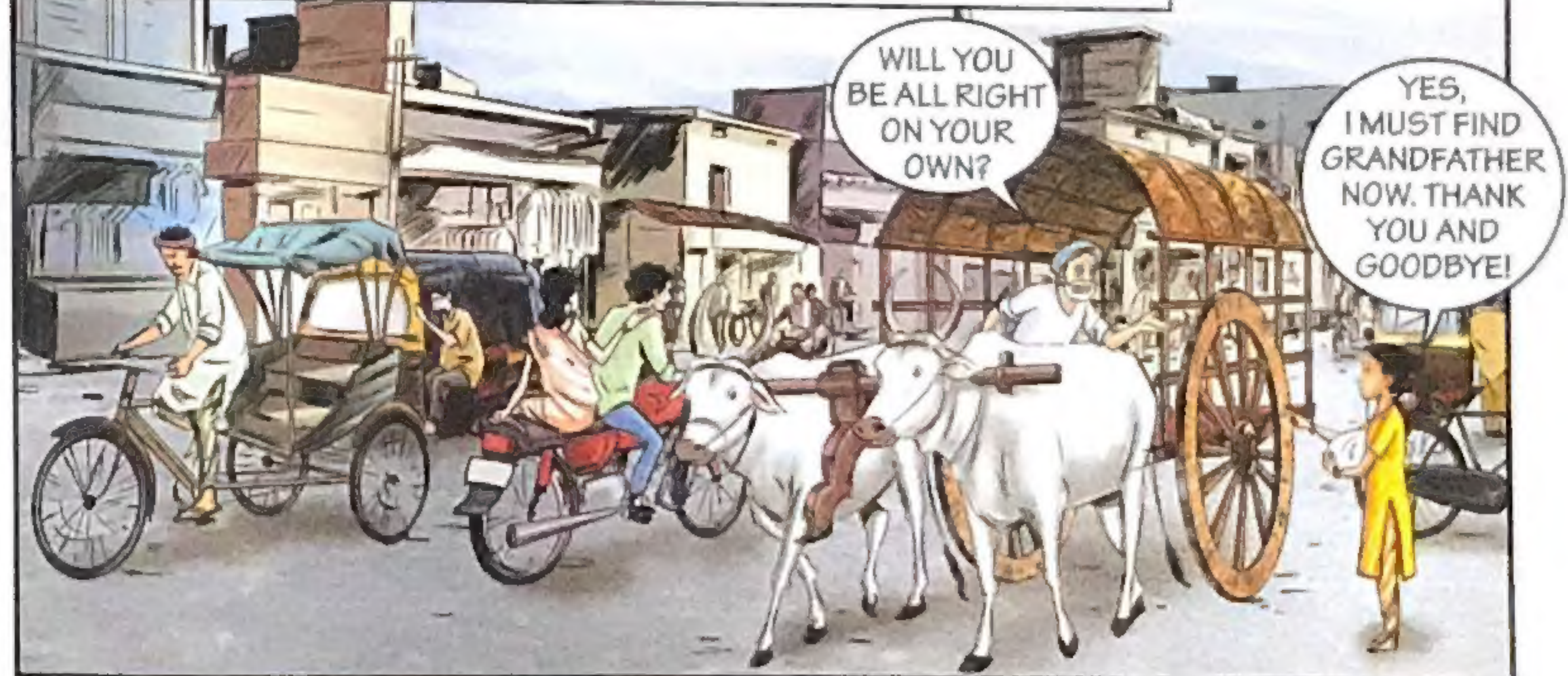


ANGRY RIVER

SITA FOUND AN OLD FARMER, WHO OFFERED TO TAKE HER TO SHAHGANJ.

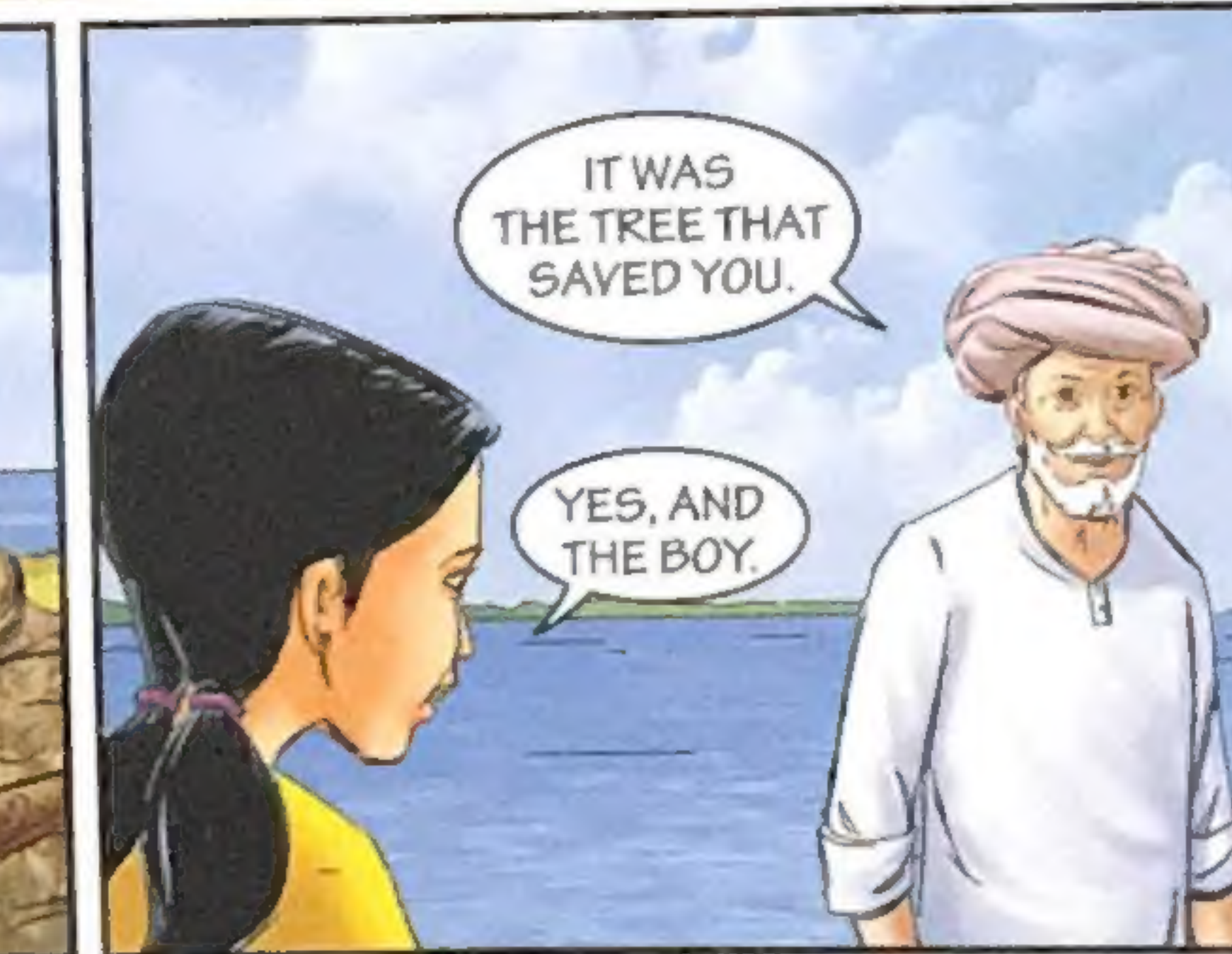
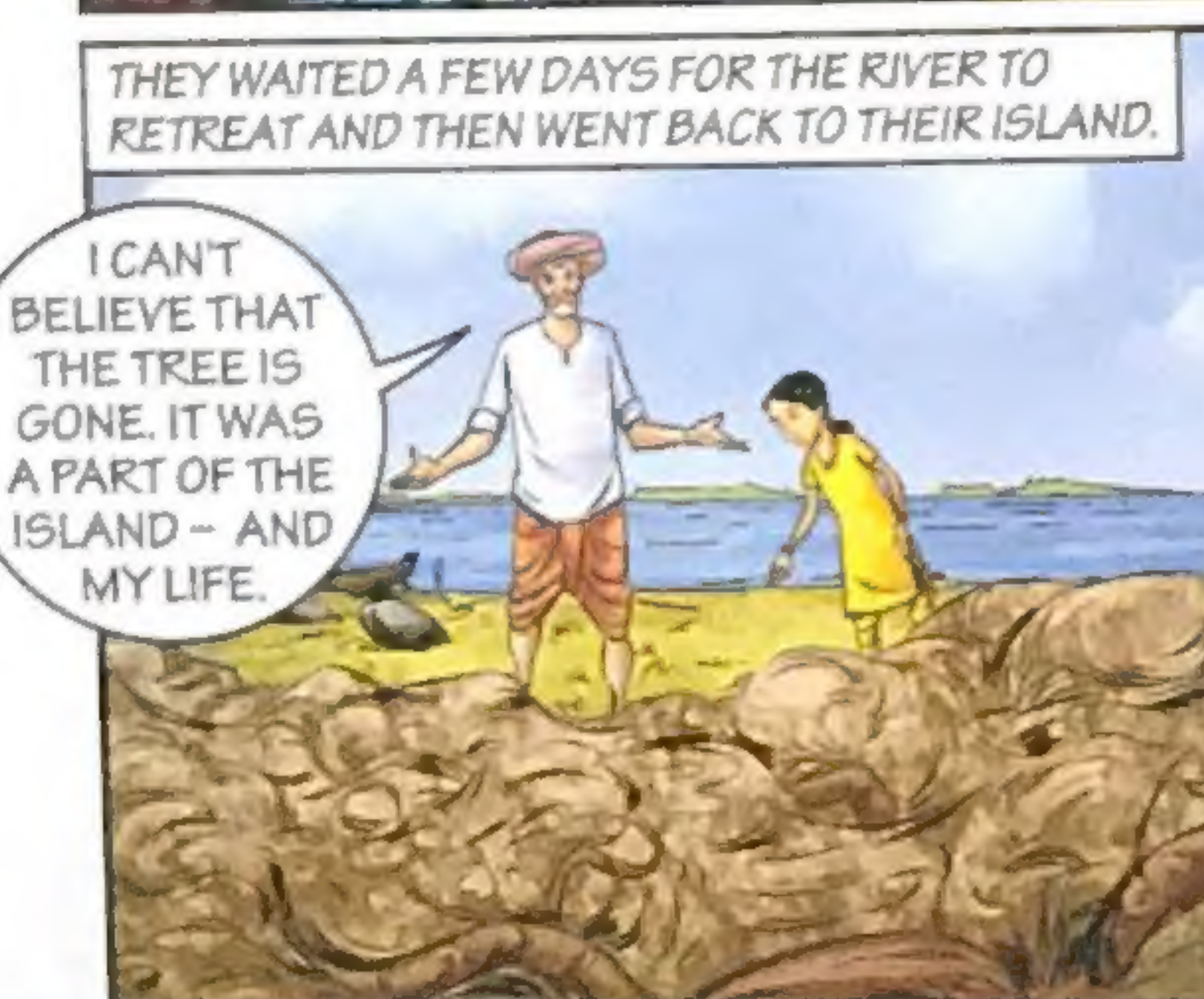


FINALLY, AFTER TRAVELLING FOR A DAY AND A NIGHT, THEY REACHED SHAHGANJ.





SHE WALKED DOWN THE NARROW LANES OF SHAHGANJ, SEARCHING FOR HER GRANDFATHER. THEN -







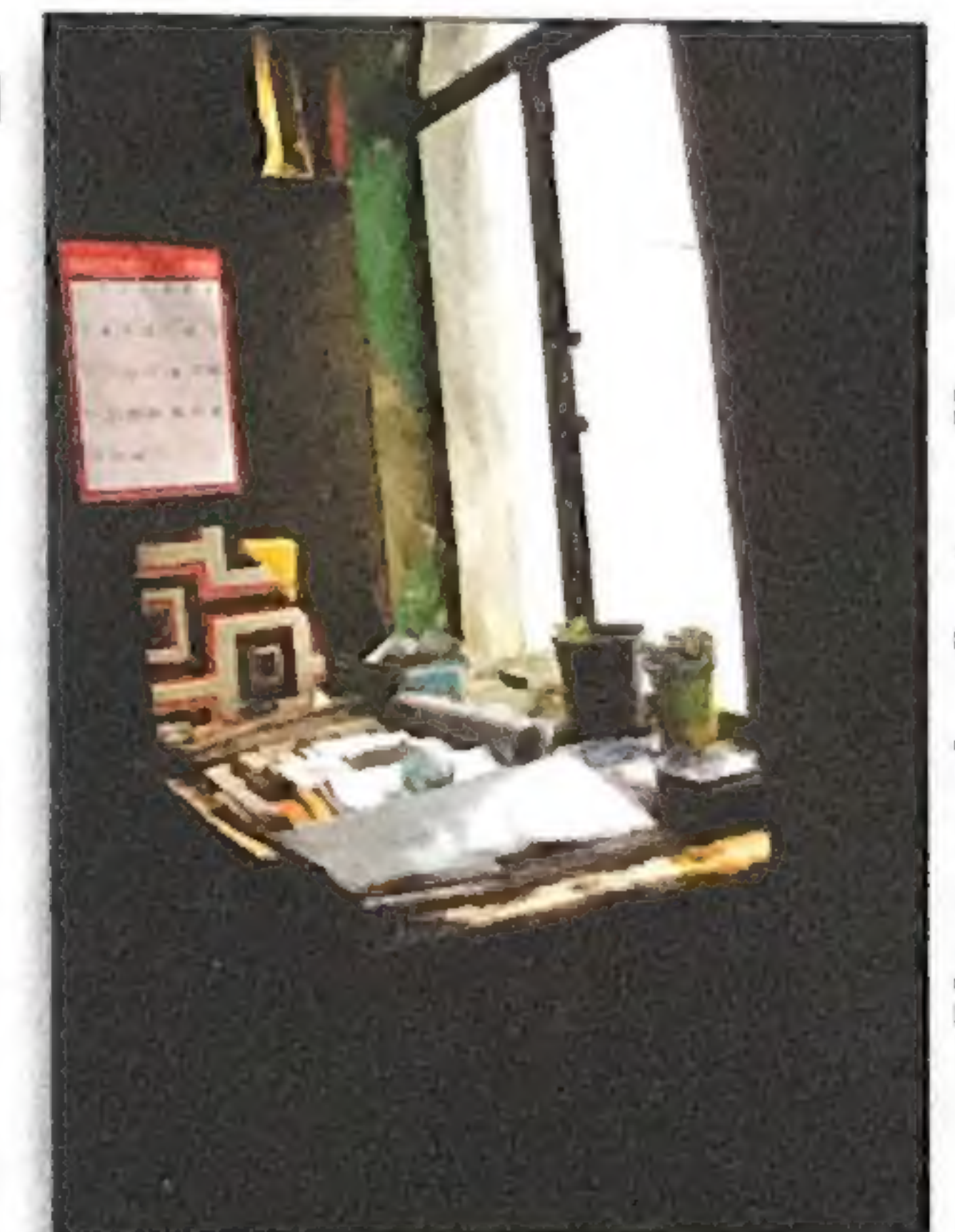
## THE RUSKIN BOND STORY



*Ruskin Bond at home*

Stories are escape routes. They let you slip into the shoes of a character you secretly wish to be like and run away into a world that's very, very different from yours. As a child, my life basically involved going to school and coming back, battling the infamous dust and heat of Calcutta and crossing perilous roads swarming with honking vehicles, and their irate drivers (an adventure in a way, I suppose, but not the kind one usually seeks). It was only natural that I turned to books for respite and Ruskin Bond was one of the writers who gave me just what I needed. Lush with descriptions of dense pine-forests, spring flowers and the adventures of mountain life, Bond's stories were an absolute delight to read. More importantly, they were the kind that stayed with you.

Some time last year, the Amar Chitra Katha editorial had a brainstorming session, during which many great ideas were brewed and allowed to swirl around in our coffee mugs until they were either considered seriously or well, poured reluctantly down the drain. Doing an ACK on a contemporary story was one of the ideas we retained. After all, modern-day stories were also part of our ethos. Even though we all had our favourites, we agreed that if there was one writer whose stories we knew would make brilliant comics, it was Ruskin Bond. "I want to do the script," I said before anybody else had a chance to speak. And that was that.



*A writer's corner*